

Goodwin's Weekly

(Copyright 1911 by Goodwin's Weekly)

VOL. XX

SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH, DECEMBER 16, 1911 No. 9

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY.
TENTH YEAR

SUBSCRIPTION PRICE OF GOODWIN'S WEEKLY
Including postage in the United States, Canada and Mexico, \$2.50 per year; \$1.50 for six months. Subscriptions to all foreign countries within the Postal Union, \$4.00 per year.

Single copies, 5 cents.

Payment should be made by Check, Money Order or Registered Letter, payable to Goodwin's Weekly.

Address all communications to Goodwin's Weekly Entered at the Postoffice at Salt Lake City, Utah, U. S. A., as second-class matter.

P. O. Boxes, 1274 and 1772.

Telephone: Bell, 201;

915-916 Boston Block, Salt Lake City, Utah.

J. T. Goodwin, Mgr. L. S. Gilham, Bus. Mgr.

C. C. GOODWIN Editor

Labor Unions on Trial

WE wonder if the average people of the United States have learned anything by the driving of the McNamaras to confessing to wholesale assassination; we wonder if the honest men in the labor unions have learned anything.

Debs in effect defied the courts to convict the McNamaras. Just after their arrest, the Call, the organ of that class of Socialists who want something for nothing, in New York City, said:

"The same attempt is made to arouse public fury, not so much that the McNamaras may be murdered, but in order that the working class may be beaten into submission."

That the McNamaras were arrested in Indianapolis and carried to California was depicted as unmitigated cruelty and tyranny, the same as when Meyer and Heywood were taken from Colorado to Idaho. The same line was taken to charge that the murders were caused by the enemies of union labor, that it "might be beaten into submission."

Now after the confession of the Los Angeles assassins, as we read carefully the messages from more than one labor union, demanding the extermination of the two culprits, we find nothing of sorrow over what those men did, but read between the lines, they but reveal the anger that is felt, that the two murderers confessed. It would have been such delicious work for Debs to have portrayed them as martyrs who died that "bloody capitalism" might rivet more merciless chains upon labor. How touching would have been his appeal to his "brother workingmen" for more funds with which to rear a monument over their graves!

Hence our question: Have the honest men in the labor organizations learned anything through the flattening out of the plans of the conspirators to defy the laws and to punish all who insist that the laws shall be obeyed?

Will they unite to elect more murderers to office. Do they stand ready as before to subscribe first for a fund to make the murders possible, and next to defend the murderers when the assassinations are completed?

It is time for some radical measures to be put through by them, or they will awake some morning to find that to belong to a labor union has closed every opportunity to find work, against them.

As I Remember Them—Allen Green Campbell

By C. C. Goodwin

VERY sterling man was Allen Green Campbell; there are thousands of people in Utah who knew him, who were familiar with him every day for years; but we venture the belief that not one in two hundred of them all realized how true was his manhood, how high his soul.

Could he when he was poor have been offered a fortune at the expense of doing an unmanly act, such as thousands would cheerfully do and esteem it as a shrewd business transaction, he would have spurned it.

An instance of this was shown when the Horn Silver mine was sold. The company had given a certain man a bond on the mine. He went to New York and after awhile wired or wrote Campbell to come with authority to give a title to the mine. As it was sold, Mr. Campbell prepared the necessary papers and went to New York. The day after his arrival he was ushered into a room where he found the principal subscribers to the purchase waiting for him.

Then one of those present said: "Mr. Campbell, we have agreed to purchase the Horn Silver mine on the report that has been presented to us, provided you endorse the report."

The report was read to him, then pushed over the table for his endorsement.

He pushed it aside and said: "I cannot endorse that report."

"And why not?" was asked him.

"Because," he replied, "it is not true."

All looked disappointed and the man who had obtained the option, was paralyzed. There was an oppressive silence for a moment, when one of those present said:

"What kind of a report would you endorse, Mr. Campbell?"

Campbell replied: "Yours, if you would but stick to the truth." "But I know nothing about mines or miners," said the man.

"Well," said Campbell, "push your chair up to the table and let me make an expert out of you!"

The gentleman laughingly assented, drew some papers and pens before him, and said, "I am ready."

Then Mr. Campbell told him to write what the surface formation showed, giving him the data sentence by sentence. Then he took him to the first level in the mine, had him write the length, breadth and the assay value of the ore shoot developed there. In the same way he went through all the levels of the mine, then he bade him put down the cost of mining, hauling and smelting, to make clear what the net value of the mine so far as developed was.

Then he told him to reckon 13 cubic feet of ore to the ton, to calculate the tonnage, then deduct the cost of mining and reduction and give the gentlemen present the result.

The man was an expert accountant and in five minutes gave the amount, which was some \$300,000 more than the man with the option had figured out from his imagination. The Mr. Campbell said: "I will sign that report. You are about the only honest expert that I have met for

six months. I will sign the report and guarantee that you will find the mine as stated, except that on the lowest level the boys were uncovering the ore chute several feet every day and there will probably be 100 feet more ore there for you than this report describes."

Then all present took on a new idea of a western miner.

Mr. Campbell was a great miner and an intense American. He was not a scholar in the usual sense; but he would have been a close friend of Plato or Socrates had he lived in the generation of either of them, for he had reasoned out how things should be from an intuition all his own.

One day when a clump of men were discussing the Chinese question, one of them turned to him and said: "Mr. Campbell, do you not think the Chinese should be kept out of our country, such a menace are they to poor white laborers?"

Campbell waited a moment and then said: "The Chinese that come to our country are poor wretches, but they are men. They represent the results of thousands of years of want and suffering. They are grateful to work for a pittance and to do menial work. Could I have my way I would let them come and do that work and at the same time exalt American workingmen to places where the Chinese could not compete with them."

He always meant to be absolutely fair and justice was his insistence from childhood to the last day of his life.

At the same time he had some weights upon him. He never could outgrow some provincialisms and prejudices that were due to the environments of his youth, and could not always distinguish an honest man from a would-be grafter.

He became accustomed to the control of a great fortune, but when he traded his Nevada farm for a small orange grove at Riverside, Cal., he fixed his home there and told with more pride that he cleared \$2,000 from it the previous year, than he ever exhibited when a mining transaction had brought him three hundred times that amount.

He was one of the truest of friends. He and Mr. Matt Cullen of this city were partners in the Horn Silver mine. To his dying day he always looked upon Mr. Cullen as a brother.

When he accepted the nomination as a delegate to Congress from Utah, he did not expect or desire to hold the office. He ran merely to vindicate a principle and as a protest against what he looked upon as a defiance of law on the part of the majority here.

There was much of the martyr in him. He feared nothing on earth except to do wrong, and he would have cheerfully faced death for what he believed to be right.

He left his early home with nothing except his faith in the invincibility of labor, backed by honest intentions. He became an accomplished miner and made a fortune, but there was not one